



"INNOCENTS ABROAD."

TAMMANY BULLDOG (to Mayorally Ducklings).—Are you going to the City Hall this evening? DUCKLINGS.—Not this evening, some other evening!
(Chestnut-Bell heard in the distance.)



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:
PUCK BUILDING,
Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
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INCL. POSTAGE. "63"

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, without charge, or will be mailed to any address gratis.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

If one hundred thousand people in this country got together and organized themselves into a party, with the fundamental doctrine that turnips were really solid gold, and ought to be used for coinage, the managers of the Republican party would insert a "plank" in their next platform to the effect that the Recent Differences in Opinion, regarding Agricultural Products Demanded Careful and Deliberate Investigation, and that, while Firmly Adhering to the Safe, Sound and Conservative Policy which had hitherto distinguished the Party, it was but Common Justice to a Large Class of the Community to Thoughtfully Consider such New Ideas as might have Arisen concerning the Connection between such Products and the Financial System of the Country, and that the Republican Party hereby Pledges itself—" etc., etc., etc.

And this would be done simply to catch the vote of the Gold-Turnip party, without offending the people who believed that turnips were turnips. In like manner the Republican managers are to-day coquetting with what is known as the Prohibition vote. They know well that, if it came to the final issue, the great majority of the Republican party would refuse to give any assistance whatever to the fanatical principles of the Prohibition party. They know that the whole idea of a legal prohibition of the use of intoxicating liquors is a wild and impossible dream—that the laws of our country would not countenance it; and that if by any perversion of justice they were made to allow the enforcement of such a sumptuary regulation, their authority could never be enforced. They know that if the principles of Prohibition were made the law of the country, the only effect would be to make beasts of men whose appetites are now kept under control by the wise regulations of society; and to turn respectable citizens into law-breakers, in the natural defense of their natural rights.

But there is no use of arguing the Prohibition question. The Prohibitionist is an ignorant

creature who thinks that all evils may be abated by government enactment. He is precisely on a par with the man who thinks that if any government issues enough paper money, its citizens will all become well-to-do and happy. You can never persuade him that it is an impossibility to regulate men's appetites by legislation; and that the only way to accomplish any necessary moral reform is to work upon popular feeling, and to make society help itself, without the aid of the law. Nor is it necessary to tell intelligent Republicans that the fanatical ideas of the Prohibitionists can never be made into an enduring law and moral guide for this country. These things are known to all sensible men, Republicans, Democrats and Independents. But, these things being known, it is as well to point out to all men who have the interests of the Republican party at heart the fact that the Republican leaders are compromising themselves, or trying to compromise themselves, with this same Prohibition party, just to win a few more votes, to serve them, perchance, in eighteen-and-eighty-eight. That, it seems, is politics. And what comes of it will be devilry. The Republican party is making a strange bed to lie in, two years hence.

We have been pained to see that there are a few of the Independent papers that are willing to make much of the trouble between the Republicans and the Prohibitionists, for the sake of political capital. These journals seem to think that it is wise to do what they can to widen the breach between the Republicans and the Prohibitionists, and to make their union impossible, by egging on the "Temperance" fanatics to an impossible independence. This course is not wise; it is not dignified; it is not honest. The Independent paper, that seeks only certain necessary reforms in our government, has no business to meddle with the dirty tricks of "practical" politics. Independent citizens, who have got outside of narrow party lines, and who seek only to serve their country as she most needs to be served in these days, have no right to negotiate political "deals." Let us leave this low business to the men who invented it; and try to make our cause successful by simple, wholesome, legitimate means. Trickery is none of our tools.



REGULAR PATRON.—Where are de resd ohf de pand, Spiegelblätter?
SPEIGELBLÄTTER.—Dey vos peen a pignic py Chones' Woods, unt ve vos lefd to safe der charter on der regular routes.

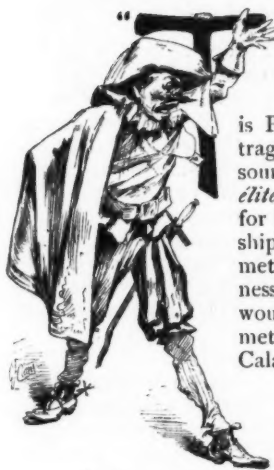
According to the newspapers, there is this Fall an unusually large number of very respectable gentlemen who wish to get nominated for the office of Mayor of New York. They will soon have an opportunity to strike a balance between their personal ambitions and the mercenary desires of Tammany Hall. The business of securing the allegiance of that institution is simple in its nature, and demands only money and application. It is a question of protracted and determined bidding, up to the moment when the votes are deposited in the ballot-box. Yet many a clever man has learned how difficult is simple purchase when the thing purchased is the "influence" of a New York "Hall," and the time of delivery is election day. We shall find some wiser and perhaps less respectable aspirants on the present list before the next Mayor is elected.



HERE we have a first-class helmet. Helmets, as a rule, are worn by soldiers, but this one is not. It is made to wear in warm weather, to keep the brains cool and comfortable. The hirsute that hangs down like a horse's tail is intended for the breeze to dally with, and brush off the flies and mosquitoes. A visor comes with it, although it is not shown in this cut. We don't want to show too much at once. The visor is intended to pull down over the cheeks, to prevent the jaw from breaking while laughing over the myriad gems of wit and humor that crowd the beautifully illustrated pages of that paragon of all

laugh-provokers, PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Third Crop. It is now out, and selling like hot cakes. No one should be without it. It is indispensable in cases where perfect happiness and hilarity are desired. Of all news-dealers. Price, Twenty-five cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty cents.

HE WAS A TRAGEDIAN.



HE liberality of the American public is surprising. I'm a tragedian from over the water, with a foreign name. My stage name is Signor Calamiti Bezam. My right name is P. O'Shaughnessy. O'Shaughnessy is not a tragic name. The name Signor Calamiti Bezam sounds classic. I am dined and wined by the *élite*. Yes, I give the American public rare credit for liberality. I appreciate their warm friendship. Also their dollars. And again, if Smith met Brown and said: 'Have you seen O'Shaughnessy in *Richard the Third*?' the romantic color would be immediately washed out. But if Smith met Brown and said: 'Have you seen Signor Calamiti Bezam in *Richard the Third*?' romance would hold its color. 'What's in a name?' Answer: Five-dollar orchestra-seats—one-dollar in the gallery. I'm a fraud. It is stamped on my forehead. But the benevolence of the great American theatre-going people should be given credit. Have a cigar?" W. L. C.

A MAN TROUBLED with life-long deafness was recently cured in three minutes in Nevada. Some horses had been missed, and he had been taken from his bed to answer some inquiries. The three minutes were consumed in getting from his house to where the rope was adjusted around his neck. The patient, however, did not recover from the treatment.

A NEW DICTIONARY has been prepared which contains two hundred and forty thousand words. This will be a great boon to the Democratic office-seeker. It will give him an opportunity to express his opinion of the Administration without descending to the vulgarity of common slang.

It is stated that servant-girls' wages in Canada have been considerably reduced of late. This will probably never occur in the United States, as the wages are the only thing by which we are able to distinguish the servant-girl from the mistress.

A DETROIT CLOTHING house advertises to give away a boy's gun with each boy's suit sold. It is not stated what firm of glaziers the clothiers are in partnership with, but the business ought to be a prosperous one.

EVERY-DAY HYPOCRISY;

OR,

WHAT WE SAY AND WHAT WE MEAN.

No. III.



WHAT THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY SAYS.—It is, indeed, a lovely child, Mrs. Yungkuppel. Who does it look like? Well, its eyes resemble yours; but its mouth reminds me more of, etc., etc.

WHAT HE MEANS.—Great Caesar! What a pug-nosed, flat-faced little beast! It looks more like one of the monkeys in the Park than anything else I can think of!

A SCRAP OF ANCIENT HISTORY.



HERODOTUS was born in the year 484 B. C., at Halicarnassus. A great many important events have occurred since his birth. America has been discovered, the sea-serpent has been seen scores of times, and the Democrats have regained possession of the offices. It is believed, however, that if America had not been found, the Democrats would not yet have secured control of the government.

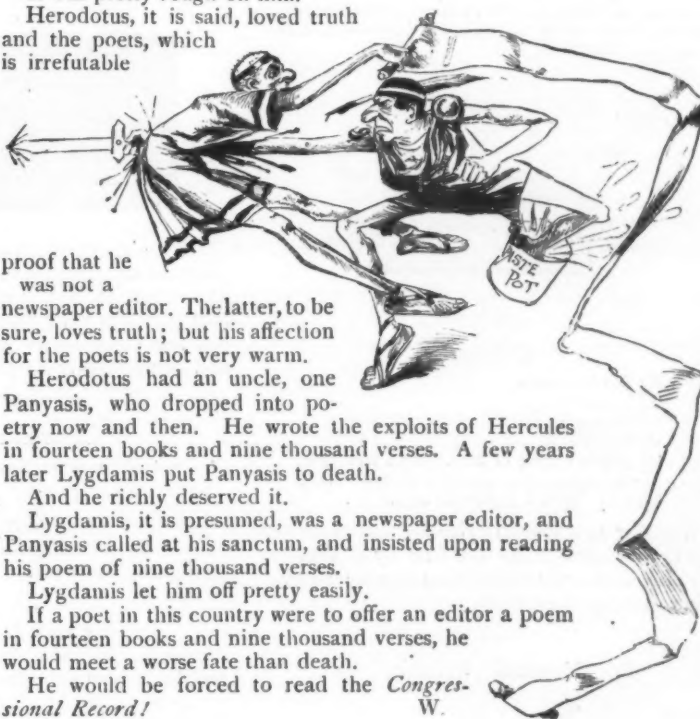
To tell the history of the war between the Greeks and Persians became the ambition of Herodotus's life, and he traveled far and wide in search of information. It is supposed that the editor of an American magazine had offered him five hundred dollars for a series of war articles.

Herodotus visited all the chief places of Greece and Asia Minor, traveled in Thrace and Scythia, explored Egypt, went to Tyre and through Phoenicia and Palestine, and made his way to Babylon in search of material for his history. The rumor that he traveled with one of Cook's excursion parties seems plausible enough, otherwise his expenses would have largely exceeded the five hundred dollars he was to receive for his magazine articles.

Herodotus was a professional elocutionist, but never shocked an audience by reading "Ostler Joe." When reciting his history at the Olympic Festival, the young Thucydides was moved to tears. It is inferred that the doors were locked, and Thucy. couldn't make his escape.

It was pretty rough on him.

Herodotus, it is said, loved truth and the poets, which is irrefutable



proof that he was not a newspaper editor. The latter, to be sure, loves truth; but his affection for the poets is not very warm.

Herodotus had an uncle, one Panyasis, who dropped into poetry now and then. He wrote the exploits of Hercules in fourteen books and nine thousand verses. A few years later Lygdamis put Panyasis to death.

And he richly deserved it.

Lygdamis, it is presumed, was a newspaper editor, and Panyasis called at his sanctum, and insisted upon reading his poem of nine thousand verses.

Lygdamis let him off pretty easily.

If a poet in this country were to offer an editor a poem in fourteen books and nine thousand verses, he would meet a worse fate than death.

He would be forced to read the *Congressional Record*!

MERELY A CASE OF NEWNESS.

NEW REPORTER ON THE *Sun*, (to City Editor).—Shall I write it, Hayes was elected, or Hayes was counted in?

CITY EDITOR.—Great Scott! young fellow; where have you been all these years, not to know how Mr. Dana stands on the Hayes question?

NEW REPORTER.—I have been on the *Tribune*.

CITY EDITOR.—In that case you are excused. You have a great deal to learn.

POETESS.—Yes, "polo" is an excellent rhyme for "solo," but you can not deceive the great round world into believing that "asparagus" is a good rhyme for "sarcophagus." It is also useless to try to make any one believe that such remarks as these are poetry:

Now the summer comes again,
With its breezes and its rain,
And its red and smiling roses,
And its crop of sunburnt noses,
And its shady forest cloisters,
And its painful lack of oysters;

And the maiden sings a solo,
While the dudelet playeth polo;
And the purple mist descendeth
When the three-play rainbow bendeth;
And the old maid sits and sneezes
By the ever-rolling seas.

This may be very good poetry in Mackerelville, but it is too young and fresh to endure the rude shocks of a cynical world. Keep it at home—in a bottle.

PUCK YIELDS FOR ONCE.

MAMARO'S NECK, N. Y., Sept. 27th, 1886.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

There is a young man in this village who has recently been put under restraint, and inside a straight-jacket, for the treatment of a violent form of insanity. The malady is the result of too close an application to the puzzle department of our weekly press; and, as his family are firm believers in homeopathy, it has occurred to them that could they induce you to insert a mild style of Gordian-knot business in a column of PUCK, the dose might be of advantage to the sufferer. We are aware of the bribery, entreaty, and oppression which have been brought to bear on you, to compel you to adopt this feature of journalism, but this final plea in the cause of afflicted humanity we feel will not be left unanswered. With the maniac yells of, "behead me, and I'll be a corpse; I am composed of fourteen letters, and my whole is a star-fish," etc., etc., ringing in our ears, we are Yours, supplicatingly,

THE FAMILY.

PUCK's humanity is greater than its sense of justice, and we willingly—though hardly cheerfully—comply with the above hygienic request; and, peradventure, the puzzles should fail to kill, we have, without solicitation, added a chess-corner, which we trust will crack—not nuts—but skulls.—[ED. PUCK.]

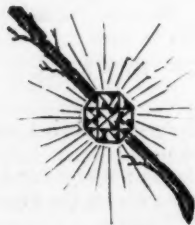


Enigma.

My first is a cone.
My second is a y.
My third is an aisle.
My fourth is &.
My fifth is extract of hops (in its true state, although glucose has been made from it).
And my whole is a glassfull of salt air.

We offer as a special prize for the solution of this twister—originally set free by Brahma in the year .000—the advice that it will be a good thing to keep away from.

Diamond Acrostic.



(Old Mine Stone taken hap-hazard from our barrel in the cellar). No prize with this.

Square Word Puzzle.

Z	K	G	L	P
A	Y	F	L	L
X	G	E	Q	
5	P	?	S	K
D	N	3	-	\$

This word got "pied," and we have lost copy, but as near as we can remember the solution, it was the name of a town in Wales. The PUCK building will be given, without reserve, to the person who sends the first correct answer.

Rebus.



One hundred thousand dollars in gold for first answer received prior to Christmas, 1885.

Diamond Word Puzzle.

"WHAT 'LL YER ADVANCE ON THE TICKET?"

A Hidden City.

PHILADELPH—

Pens will slip, and we almost gave this away. It should read:

AIHPLEDALHP.

Cutting Puzzle.



With a sharp chisel or bowie-knife slice this diagram into two figures, with one straight cut, each figure to be a perfect square. (We notice that the idiot who attends to our electrotyping has left some white lines on this illustration, and consequently all prizes are called off.)

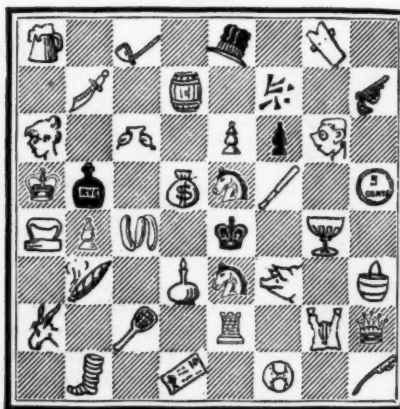
Concealed Proverb.

"A WISE S—N KNOWS HIS OWN F—R."

We dislike to play any differential calculus schemes on our readers, and if the above should cause any burning of midnight oil, we will gladly pay for same.

Chess Department.

Conducted by Mons. Grosdemangeiskvitchsky—(remainder of name will appear in our next.)

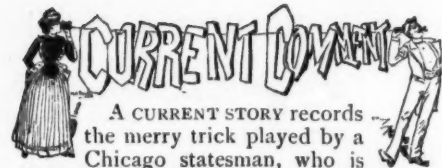


WHITE.

White to play and mate without moving.

The above beautiful and intricate problem was invented by Paul Morphy a few hours before his death. The rumor which prevailed at the time, that Morphy died of consumption, is thus set at rest.

J. S. G.



A CURRENT STORY records the merry trick played by a Chicago statesman, who is temporarily residing in Washington waiting an opportunity to hold the Government up by the tail, upon a credulous office-boy in his hotel. This surprises us sadly. We expected the trick would be much more complicated, and the victim at least a Congressman. During the present Administration, Chicago statesmen in Washington ought to have enough idle time on their hands to figure out successfully most any kind of a fool trick.

THE EDITOR of a Colorado mining paper, printed on a second-hand threshing-machine, complains that he has lived three years on wind-pudding. From this we infer that Colorado wind must have extremely strengthening properties, or else our friend has solved a problem that has baffled human intellect since Adam ate the first apple.

"IN TEXAS, when a man calls another a liar, he is good for six months in the hospital, or a much longer time in his grave," writes an expert inhabitant. A man who calls a Texan a liar may be good for a hospital or a grave-yard, but if his general judgement is no better than this indicates, he can't be good for very much else.

THE RECENT Minnesota tornado killed four out of five of a wedding party at the door of the church. As luck would have it the survivor was an undertaker. It is an ill wind that blows no one good.

THE COMPOSITOR is serene and happy when he gets his finger in the "pi."

SONG OF THE LABOR AGITATOR.

I'm a labor agitator;
As I never worked a day,
I'm going in for labor
In a fearless sort of way.
"The workman's life is lowly,
And it must uplifted be;"
For saying which some recompense
Is surely due to me.

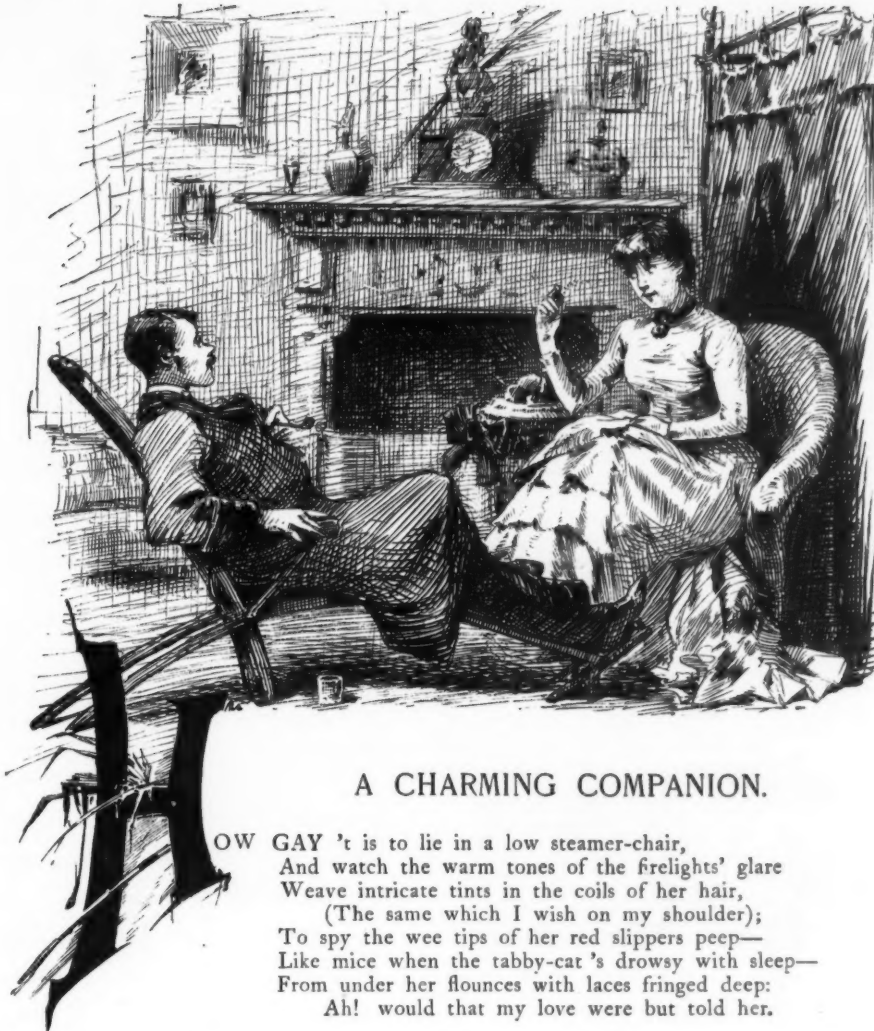
I hold the wicked bosses
Up to ridicule and scorn;
I say the time is coming
When the wrongs so meekly borne
Will be suffered then no longer;
And I cry: "Beware the day!"
After which I see the treasurer,
And draw my modest pay.

The horny hand of labor
Is not greatly in my line;
My hand is white and delicate,
My skin is fair and fine;
And then if the truth be spoken,
Labor is not always clean;
'Tisn't nice to grasp the fingers
Oily from the big machine.

And to be an agitator,
One must wear the coarsest clothes;
One must pardon evil odors
That at times assail his nose.
One must bow to everybody,
Plasterer, fishman, peddler, waiter,
If he hopes to be successful
As a labor agitator.

Must caress the frowny children
Playing in the dirty street,
Must shake hands with everybody
That he chances out to meet.
For to hold aloof from any
Would not answer, don't you see?
And I tremble at the consequence
If they should drop to me.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



A CHARMING COMPANION.

OW GAY 't is to lie in a low steamer-chair,
And watch the warm tones of the freights' glare
Weave intricate tints in the coils of her hair,
(The same which I wish on my shoulder);
To spy the wee tips of her red slippers peep—
Like mice when the tabby-cat's drowsy with sleep—
From under her flounces with laces fringed deep:
Ah! would that my love were but told her.

O'er the rim o' my mug o' hot-water and rye
I catch the bright glance of her merry blue eye;
I mumble the tune of "The Little Pig Sty";
Or, "Here 's to the girls that don't bore us";
And while my old slippers are beating the time,
And the little clock chirrups a tremulous chime,
She puckers her lips at the slang and the rhyme
And finally joins in the chorus.

She puffs at the stem of my briarwood brown,
And nestles her head on my poor tattered gown;
I vow she 's the cleverest girl in the town,
And swear that I always have missed her.
She kisses me shyly when clear is the coast,
She winks, fills her thimble and drinks to the toast;
Until she is married, I think I can boast
The cleverest sort of sister.

DEWITT STERRY.

RANDOM REMARKS.

"CAN YOU tell me anything about the postage-stamp flirtation?" asks a subscriber. Certainly. When he writes to you and puts two stamps on a one-stamp letter, he loves you. When he puts one stamp on a two-stamp letter, he likes you; and when he leaves off the stamp altogether, he loves another.

ACCORDING TO a health journal, marble-top tables are unhealthy. Probably troubled with chills.

A GEORGIA BLIND MAN is said to be able to tell the color of a horse by merely touching it. If this were not a Georgia newspaper lie, it would be a remarkable freak of nature.

A NOTED AUTHOR'S biography says: "He wrote four hundred books in his lifetime." This sort of a biography answered very well for a dozen or so years ago, but since H. H. and Hugh Conway have departed, it has become necessary for a complete biographer to state how many books the author wrote after death, as well as during life.

A CURRENT ADVERTISEMENT in a local paper reads as follows: "Whereas, I have left my wife and her board; whereas, I have become attached to another and more attractive woman, I hereby give warning to the public that I will in the future pay my own bills, without any assistance from her whatever.—T. LEAON JONES." This may sound somewhat strange, and doubtless many persons will refuse to credit it altogether, but it is not only credible, but absolutely reliable. Mrs. Jones wrote it.

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

IN THE MAIN—Fish.

MAIN POINTS—Capes.

ON THE SLY—The Fox.

PIECEMEAL—Free Lunch.

OLD PRO(HI)BS—Neal Dow.

A STRIKING FIGURE—Put Up.

OF LONG STANDING—The Obelisk.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE—The Price.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES—Pen and Ink.

THE UPPER HAND—The Shoemaker's.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW—Hotel Beds.

A RIB-ROASTER—The Chef, of course.

BLOWN OUT—The Deceased Cornetist.

WEATHER-BEATEN—The Meteorologist.

A SLUGGISH LIVER—The Prize-Fighter.

SUGAR OF LEAD—The Plumber's Profits.

THE OLD BOY—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A PERFECT TREAT—PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

THE LITTLE DIPPER—The Bucket-Shopper.

WAY UP—The Bottom of a Vender's Measure.

FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENT—Forgetting Your Car-Fare.

IN A FALSE POSITION—The Boy Standing on His Head.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE OCCIDENT.



A WESTERN HOUSE-WARMING.

THE ANNOYANCES OF THE SMOKING MAN.



He must expect to be hailed at any moment with a request like this: "Say, cull, give us a light from dat dare butt, will yer?"



On the next block he will probably be halted by the following address: "Ah there, old chappie, have ye got a little fire, ye know?"



His next annoyance will quite likely be in this form: "Cud ye lind me the loan o' yer cigar-r-r, t' light me poipe, boss?"

THE WAR CLOUD.

"M. DE GIERS," said the Czar: "how many ultimatums have we on hand now?"

"Ultimata, Your Majesty?" inquired the statesman.

"All right, ultimata; if you know all about it, maybe you'd better take my place, and be blown up in the next dynamite explosion. How many of them have we got?"

"Three or four, Your Majesty."

"Three or four!" thundered the Czar: "Only three or four ultimatums in such a crisis as this? Why, I wanted to send out at least half-a-dozen to-night. What have you been doing with your time, M. de Giers? Be sure and have a dozen ready for me to-morrow."

"I will, Your Majesty."

"I say, de Giers, what do you think of the old style of sending out ultimatums one at a time? Wouldn't it be an improvement to send 'em all at once?"

"I think it would, Your Majesty, I think it would."

THEY ILLUMINATED THE YOP.

FIRST COMMERCIAL TOURIST (from Charleston).—Earthquakes have become so common in Charleston that no one notices them.

SECOND DITTO (from San Francisco).—Yes, one soon grows accustomed to such things. In San Bernardino, for instance, you call for a sherry flip, and the bar-keeper, having prepared the ingredients, waits for an earthquake to come along and shake 'em.

RURAL PASSENGER (much impressed).—Well, I swan!

THE DOOR of a magazine publisher's office in this city bears the sign, "No Stories Wanted," rendered necessary by the conceit of most magazine readers that they can write better stories than the majority of those printed. An easier and more effective way of discouraging these would-be authors is to occasionally publish their stories *verbatim*, together with their letters to the editor, requesting that favor. The budding author who can survive this treatment without losing his ambition, will probably, in the end, by tireless industry and noble nerve, manage to make a quarter as much money by story-writing as he could easily earn by selling kerosene by the can.

THE CULINARY department of a Western paper tells us how to make Spanish Puffs. Up to reading the recipe, we always thought they were made of cigarettes.



He strolls a short distance and is brought up short as follows: "Say, mister, gimme a light fer dis here cigarette!"



By this time his cigar looks something like this.



The smoking man's only remedy.

MEXICAN WAR BALLADS.

III.—A MEXICAN VETERAN.

THE Centre Street Avengers had gathered at high noon, Round the commissary counter of a Centre Street saloon,

In a military council, to discuss the situation, The threats of stormy Mexico, the insults to the nation.

They talked of Fourth Ward sentiment, they talked of gore and glory,

They talked of being chosen themes, some day, in song and story,

And thought that for diversion 'twere a pleasant thing to go

On a military picnic through the heart of Mexico.

With empty sleeve and wooden leg, and scattered silver hair,

And missing ear, and many a scar, a stranger in did fare,

And he thumped across the floor on his wooden leg, and lo!

He was a man who'd really been in a war with Mexico.

Said Colonel Pike: "You've lost your limbs, and carry many scars—

An aqueduct explosion or a victim of the cars?

Where did you lose your leg, and where did you lay your fin?

Your missing ear? Your fingers? Good stranger, pray, begin."

"I left my leg at Monterey, where we charged the greaser band,

I dropped on Cerro Gordo's slope three fingers of my hand,

And on lofty Palo Alto, when we stormed it with a cheer, Just as we snatched the victory, I parted with my ear.

"And when I wildly shouted—waved my hat above my head,

As I walked at Buena Vista upon the greaser dead, A cannon ball came merrily, as if it were at play,

And caromed off my arm, and whisked my hat away.

"We charged at Cherubusco, amid the cannon's roar, They said the greasers could n't fire to hit a stable-door,

But I collapsed upon the slope beside gray Captain Gibbs,

With seven rounds of grape-shot in the middle of my ribs.

"I am a gallant soldier, and I have fought and bled, Though I may limp but slowly, I am so full of lead;

With canister I'm heavy, and move pond'rously along, As full of ammunition as a battery caisson."

"Wah's that! Wah's that!" said Colonel Pike—his speech came fast and thick,

And suddenly the Colonel turned very pale and sick, And they instantly concluded that they did n't care to go

On a military picnic, way down in Mexico.

L. H. TUPPER.

WE ARE told by an E. C., "Blaine holds his State." He does. He also holds all he can lift, if it is not incandescent.

GERONIMO.



TO tell the straight truth, on going to press Geronimo had not escaped again. It seems we have at last got a firm and, it is to be hoped, lasting grip on him.

With a view to ascertaining whether imprisonment really imprisons, and the ball and chain really balls and chains, the authorities have seen fit to decide to bring the slippery aborigine East, and far from the wilderness that he knows so well how to slip away from the soldiers in.

We are all aware of the adroit manner in which he walked away from his captors at will, without the common formality of a good-by. He should have been called Umbrella Jim, or something of that kind, for even as the umbrella fades mysteriously from us, and goes we know not where, so did Geronimo frequently class himself among the missing. But he never will be missed—after he has done the grand pendulum act. We would also, to return to the subject of umbrellas, suggest Geronimo as a suitable brand for some manufacturer to copyright.

It may be heaping chestnut coals of fire on our readers' heads to say it, but Geronimo never washed himself through the gratings of his jail. He would die before he would use soap.

"Don't stretch Geronimo too much," says the editor: "we're pretty short on space."

"So is Geronimo short on space, and the more he's stretched, the better."

Editor walks sadly away, and the acrobat scores one.

Every one in the country is now anxious, yes, more than anxious, to see, or rather hear, Geronimo's war-whoop choked off with a rope. Because they know that then Geronimo himself will be choked off, too.

But, we don't think, after all, that Geronimo deserves hanging. It is not severe enough. And it is too quick. Shooting would be even quicker and more humane. We should like to see him hung up by the thumbs in Delaware, and lashed for an hour or two, and then sprinkled with iodine, to add snap and pungency to the sensation.

But, on second thought, this would not be severe enough, either. It has been suggested that he be put in alcohol alive, like a snake, and allowed to pickle. It would be strange to see Geronimo imprisoned in a bottle, when an ordinary jail can not put him down as any thing more than a transient guest. But the bottle would not hold him; he would simply drink the alcohol, kick the bottle open and escape again.

Perhaps, after all, the best way to punish this incarnadined outlaw, this rubricated rascal, this copper-colored child of the boundless prairies, is to bring him further East.

In New York we could give him a lingering death, such as befits one of his low standing in society.

He could be taken to Central Park and shown the statue of Daniel Webster. A five-minute view of this effigy would no doubt cause him to reflect on the error of his ways, as well as on the errors of the sculptor.

Then he could be hurried across to the building where they have the full-

length portraits of the Revolutionary generals. The old dignified creatures, with *écru* flesh, and blue coats without folds, would no doubt cause Geronimo to appeal for a commutation of his sentence to boiling in oil. How could he gaze on those heroes, that look like illustrated "ads" of Continental and Knickerbocker Insurance Companies, without weeping? He would see them leaning against the spirited horses on their hind-legs, dodging cannon-balls, without regard for smoke, dead drummers, and other things, and sigh for cannon-flashes that are not brown, and battle-pictures that are not taken with the hero standing with his back to the battle, in an airy attitude for his portrait.

Then he could be taken to see "Adonis." And if that did not kill him, it would be a real charity to carry him back to the plains and set him free.

NOT "MAL-DE-MER!"

On his recent homeward voyage from England, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the famous litterateur and scientist, suffered severely from *mal-de-mer*, or sea-sickness.—*Morning Paper*.

GREETING.

COME, clever, quaint and curious Master Bull,
You owe us one!—Look to your laurels, sir!
We're cunning dogs, and must be paid in full,
Send us a Roland for our Oliver!

The keel that our Promethean envoy bore
To your fair land across the western main,
Has run an "ocean lane" from shore to shore
That never, never should be closed again.

Let not your champion falter if he hears
That our tough customer, who had been met
On the *Atlantic, Monthly*—aye, for years—
Was, at long last, by *mal-de-mer* upset.

'Tis false! The angry ocean's wildest swoop
Had failed to stretch him on his cabin floor;
He never lost his temper, legs, or soup;
He was a little Holmes sick—nothing more!

MATTHEW CUDDEPUG, ESQ.

NEW YORK, September 16th, 1886.

AT THE HOTEL.



"J. G. B., Auguster, Main Imie married. Pleze send blessing—and check for a hundered. If you cant send blessing, send check enny way. Can finnish education after honneymoon. J. G. B., Jr."

THE BOSTON policeman who was successful in swimming the Niagara whirlpool rapids, will not pose in a dime museum, as he declines to put himself on a level with the tattooed man. If this policeman had put himself on a level with the tattooed man, he never would have undertaken the perilous task.

THERE is just about as much delusion in the seven-pound box of grapes for a quarter, as can be found in a sleight-of-hand trick.

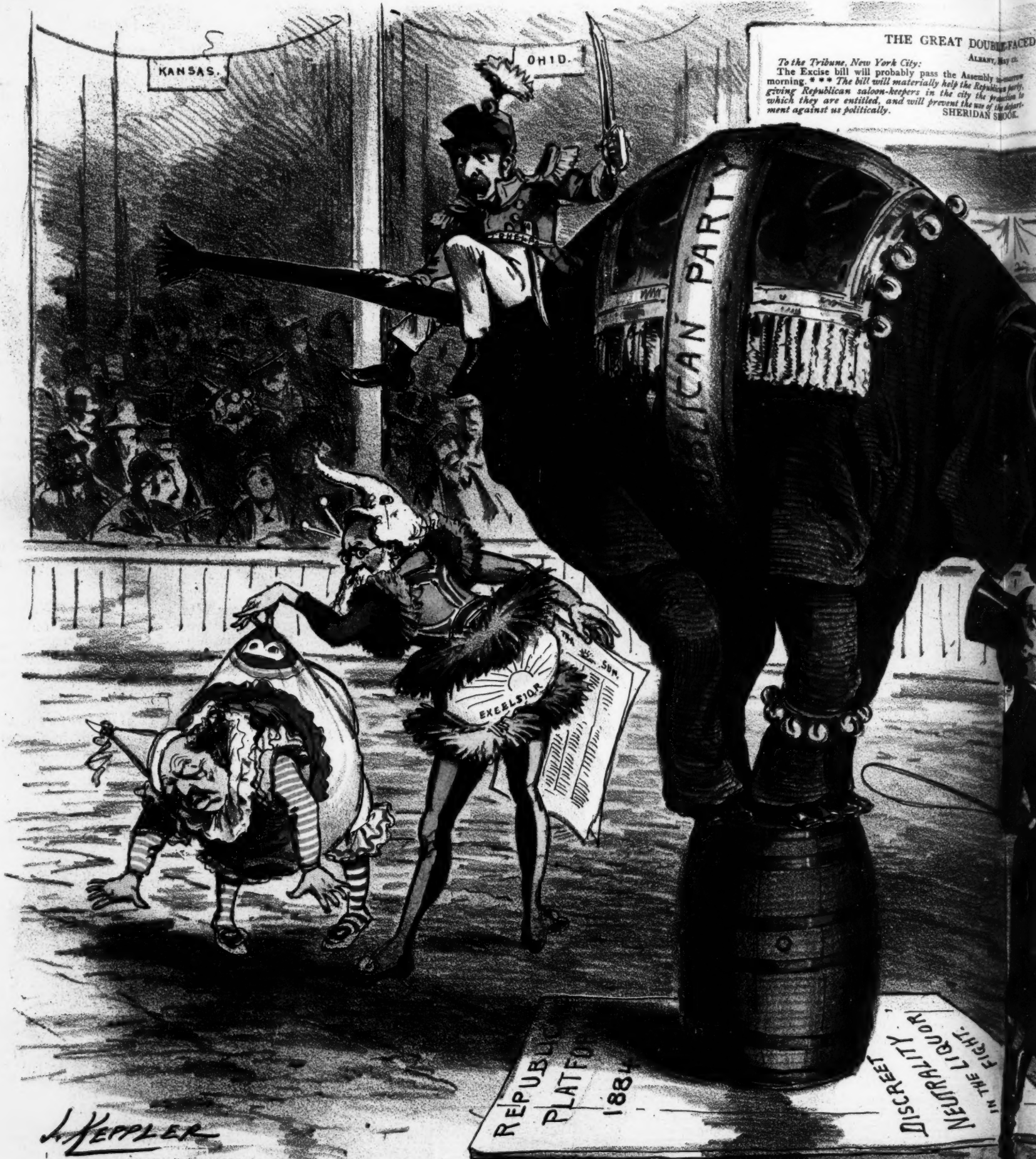
THE NEW YORK base-ball club has received great distinction lately, because one of their members made the longest knock on record. The greatest distinction they claimed previous to this, was by going the longest time on record without winning a game.

"WHAT is water the best remedy for?" asks a temperance orator. If we might be allowed to answer, we should say dirt.

GILDER'S DISCOVERY AT THE NORTH POLE.



EXILED UMPIRE.—For Heaven's sake, don't shoot, boys! I'll come peaceably, but I'll still stick to it that Casey was out on first all the same!

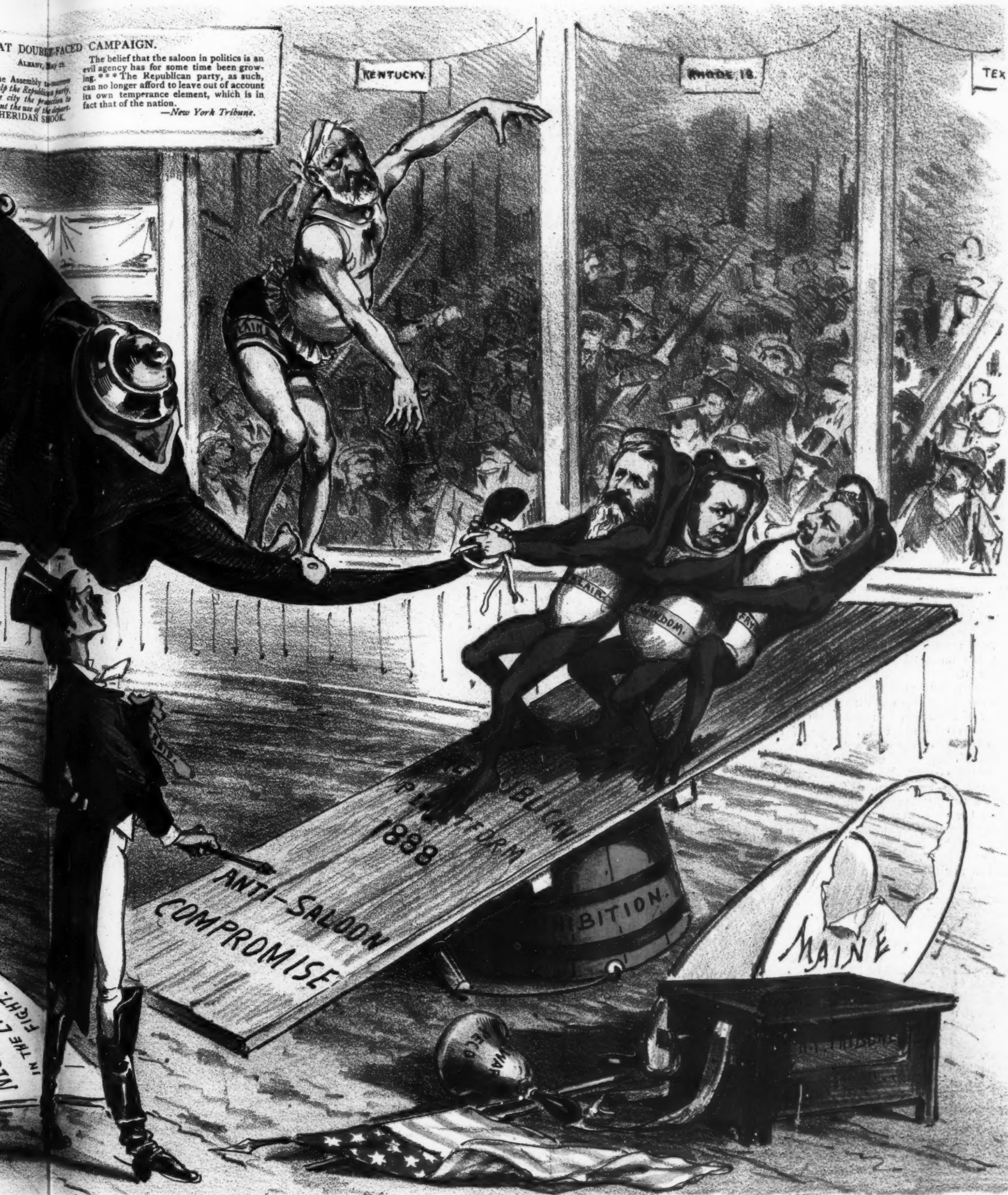


L. KEPPLER

A DIFFICULT FEAT IN THE
J. G. B.—Go easy, boys! I don't believe

AT DOUBTFACED CAMPAIGN.

ALBANY, May 21.
The Assembly is...
The Republican party, as such,
can no longer afford to leave out of account
its own temperance element, which is in
fact that of the nation.
—New York Tribune.



IN THE REPUBLICAN CIRCUS.

Boys! I don't believe that platform will hold us!



CANNEL COAL.

AN AFTER-DINNER REVERY.

UP to to-day my knowledge of cannel coal was limited. I knew it cost about twenty dollars a ton, and covered everything in the house with soot something like a yard thick, but nothing more.

This is rather a cool September night, and it has been deemed advisable to make a small fire in the library, just large enough to take the chill off the room, and warm some water a little later on, which water, when heated, will have some sugar and other things put into it, and wake Anacreontic songs in the soul of the imbibor.

When it is cold in the house, I usually go out and sit on the stoop until I feel comfortable; for, if out-doors were as full of drafts as the house, it would be necessary to weather-strip all nature.

A house that is made to rent and not to live in is an abomination.

But to return to the subject of cannel coal. I went down in the cellar to get some. I did not take a light, because I knew just where the coal was. It was in five barrels. The coal that costs five dollars a ton was lying around loose on the floor; but the high-priced cannel was barreled for safety, it probably being thought that chunks of coal, the size of your head, might roll off to gather moss. The best way to break one of these chunks is to hold it as high as your waist, and let it drop. Before letting go, be sure and draw your feet under you as far as possible.

As I remarked before, I took no light with me, as I intended to feel for it—the coal, not the light.

Most people pick up coal with their hands, but my evil genius was with me, and in favor of a change; so it gently sent me flying over an old chair, to see if I could pick up the coal with my nose. Although my nose came in contact with the coal, it did not succeed in picking up more than a few slivers. Had I the flaming nose of the politician, the coal would no doubt have ignited, and I should have had no more trouble in getting light.

I soon had it burning in the grate, and then sat before it in the dark to see what objects would be formed as it burned away. At first it seemed like Pittsburgh—all coal, and black, thick smoke. Then it blazed up a little more, and the flames flew up the chimney like butterflies out of a sunny garden. They also looked like flowers of various kinds, and scarlet ribbons slipping through the fingers of an Ethiopian dry-goods' clerk.

I could feel the pleasant glow on my face, but not on my back; so I thought I might as well put a stick in the hot water, and heat up that portion of me that caught not the reflection of the fire. It was a very pleasant ordeal, and had the desired effect.

The light flitting on the rug brought back the days when I chewed red blocks, and devoured lead soldiers in childhood. I fancied I could still see the rocking-horse that would be beautiful and perfect, if his mane was not hanging on by a single nail, and whose tail was getting loose at the roots.

It brought back the days of liniment that was sharper than a serpent's false tooth. It used to be rubbed in several inches for sore throat. I'd rather have died of sore throat.

I can see no more beauty in cannel coal. The servant has just appeared and handed me a letter. On the upper left-hand corner I see the awful legend:

LIGHTWEIGHT & CO.,
COAL DEALERS,
No. 481 Chestnut Street.

THE NATIONAL Fish Culture Association, at South Kensington, London, has just discovered that brandy is the greatest of fish restorers, according to a contemporary. We can cordially endorse this statement, as we have seen many fish of our acquaintance restored to business activity on the morning after, by brandy and soda.

A VERY WEALTHY Englishman, who is said to have been an intimate friend of the late Lord Beaconsfield, is credited with the vulgar habit of going around without a collar. We have in this country a class of men out West who do not claim to be wealthy, but who wear neckties without collars.

"WHY DON'T you treat the political bosses the way they deserve?" asks a Western journalist. There are several reasons. The principal one is, the authorities are rather strict in the matter of murder just now, but the suggestion is worth thinking about.

BROTHER LOGAN announces that he will make no more speeches outside of Illinois, with the exception of one in Pittsburgh. We will believe the dusky Senator to be perfectly rational when he decides not to go outside his own village to indulge in oratory.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C.'s, *The Cape Cod Item*—Bait.

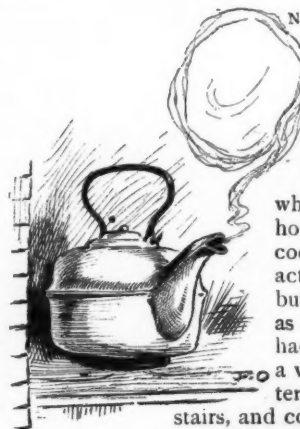
A FALL HINT THAT DIDN'T FALL THROUGH.



COUNTRY HOSTESS.—Say! My husband is going to the city in a few days to order in the winter things, and if you wish he can bring out your fall clothes. It's nearly October, you know.

(The visitors take the hint and their departure.)

COOLING HER OFF.



ONLY recently I was obliged to have a change of administration in the culinary department. It had long been a question in my mind who was running the house, myself or the cook. I couldn't exactly satisfy myself, but concluded, that as I paid the rent, I had a right to at least a voice in the matter. So I went down

stairs, and consulted the cook herself on the subject.

She seemed greatly offended at what I could not help considering my impertinence. So I discharged her on the spot, fearing that if I did not, she might dismiss me. She would, no doubt, feel sore and disappointed, though, if she knew that the silver on the spoons she took with her is only skin-deep.

But it is not with the ex-steak destroyer that this has to do. It is with her successor, who arrived a day or two later. She was one of the most high-toned women I ever saw. I felt small and mean when obliged to ask her to perform a menial service. She seemed like one born to govern a kitchen a mile long, and to ride up and down the same on horseback, and give orders with a large waving spoon. She seemed so superior in every way, that I felt it necessary for my general happiness to ascertain her limitations.

So I said to her, on the day she arrived:

"Can you make soup?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"What kind?"

"Every kind," she replied.

"Can you make mulligatawny?"

"Never heard of it," she said.

"Can you make a bisque of crab?"

"What's that?"

Without replying, I asked:

"Can you make lobster croquettes à la Kalamazoo?"

She seemed dazed.

"How are you on *filt de bœuf aux champignons*?"

She replied not, but looked as though she had been hit with the tail of a cyclone. She seemed overcome with grief, and every moment I expected to see her wilt like a paper shirt-front in a thunder-shower.

"Suppose I should ask you to get me up an epigram, a salmi, or a frican-deau of badger à la Montpelier-on-the-Onion, then what would you do?"

Tears were streaming out of her false eyes by this time. She seemed to be on the point of accusing me of calling her names, when I said:

"Can you roast beef?"

"Yes."

"Can you cook steak?"

"Yes."

"Without a frying-pan?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you can do *that*, you're engaged."

Then she took charge of us.

ANY PERSON desirous of discovering a new vicissitude in this life, can do so by trying to cope with a Washington-Market ham.

THE WAYBACK TRAGEDY.

A PENNSYLVANIA TALE OF WOE, BEAR AND MUSIC.

I.—THE TOURISTS.

ONE bright afternoon in late fall, two sons of Italy, indulging themselves in that ever-popular recreation of their countrymen, a tour a-foot through the American rural districts, came to the quiet hamlet of Shook's Clearing, where the big tannery is, on the border of the wild Wayback woods. One tourist humped gleefully along with the organ



on his back, and the other limped blithely by his side, hugging to his vest the gay and hectic monkey.

It was on the schedule of the tourists that the historic town of Wayback should be reached before nightfall that day, and so they resisted the appeals of the Clearing populace to "grind out a hoe-down or two, 'n let the monkey work," and tarried only long enough to inquire how far they had to go,

and to be told by an obliging resident that, as the crow flew, it was only five miles to Wayback; but, as the tannery mule walked, it was thirteen.

"The mule-road is a leetle longer 'n a leetle muddier th'n t'other un," said the obliging native: "but the footin' is so much sartiner on it th't it's a heap better fur pedesters." "

So the Italian tourists turned their faces toward Wayback by the winding mule-road, and passed on.

II.—THE TRAGEDY.

Two hours after the passing of the tourists through Shook's Clearing, Sim Pockridge, boss mule-driver of the tannery, emerged with his team from the edge of the Wayback woods, and drew rein a moment later in front of the Clearing tavern. Reub Dabone, the landlord, stood in the bar-room door.

"Uncle Reub," said Sim: "I'd like to bate you the rum 'n tanzy that thuz one ol' resider of a bar in them Wayback woods, yender, th't hain't agoin' ter bed this pleasant evenin' in fall, 'ithout his supper. Dar' ye do it? Come, now."

"I s'pose thuz a more th'n one ol' b'ar, 'n young b'ar, too, ez fur that, ez hain't agoin' ter turn in t'-night 'ithout a squar' meal," replied the landlord, who was a grouty man: "'n that's more 'n I kin say fur some mule-drivers ez hangs 'roun' this peelin'."

"That's all right, Reuben," said Sim: "but b'ars, nuther old 'uns nor young 'uns, hain't a suppin' on organ-grinders 'n monkey ev'ry day in the week, 'n mebbe y'd like to bate me on that, then, 'f ye don't wanter take me on t'other."

Then it spread through the Clearing like a bush-fire, that the Italian tourists had been waylaid by bears, on the road to Wayback, and that Sim Pockridge had witnessed the whole of the bloody scene.

"Not the hull on it, feller-cit'zens," said Sim: "but enough to bate on 'n win, I'm thinkin'. I were joggin' my mules 'long by Spooky Holler, 'n all of a sudden I heerd a rumpus off in the brush th't made me fetch them mules up a-standin'. Th' was a turn 'r two of a dancin' tune in out'n the woods, 'n with it a consid'able chorus o' growlin' 'n howlin'. I clim down off 'n my load 'n sneaked inter the brush to see w'at the circus were all about. W'en I see it, I come nigh a bustin'. An ol' b'ar, bigger'n that off-mule o' mine, thar, were standin' on his ha'nches, keepin' time with his head 'n paws, 'n tryin' to git in a few steps of a break-down, w'ile a feller, whiter'n the gable-eend of a hen's egg, were twistin' music out'n a han'-organ. Another feller, a leetle whiter'n t'other 'un, were standin' by. A monkey, wearin' a cocked hat 'n a red jacket, were cuddled up on the limb of a tree, a hollerin' 'n squeakin' wuss'n a rusty bark-wagon. Pooty soon the organ-grinder changed the tune, 'n 'fore he had twisted out half a dozen notes, the b'ar suddenly dropped ont'er him like a thous'n o' brick on a rotten pumpkin, 'n w'en I left he were goin' through them travelers ez slick ez I could git away with a slug o' rum 'n tanzy. If anybody sh'd ever come along lookin' fur them organ-grinders, all he'll hef to do 'll be to hunt up that b'ar, 'n he'll find the fellers he's lookin' fur stickin' to the b'ar's ribs clusser'n pickled pork to a bark-peeler's."

"Sure ez mutten in a sheep-pastur'," said Jim Miggs: "'n w'at it

stan's us in han' fur to do now," said he: "is to load up for b'ar, 'n go out 'n fill that murderin' cannibal with lead."

"Right!" shouted everybody: "'n we'll do it to wunst!"

"That's jist w'at ye wun't, nuther!" said a commanding voice: "Not w'ile thuz an inch o' law left in the books, 'n I hev the distribittin' on it, ye wunt! Bars has rights ez well ez organ-grinders has, 'n I'm here to pectect 'em!"

It was Uri Gimble who spoke.

III.—THE JUST JUDGE.

Uri Gimble was Justice of the Peace at Shook's Clearing. He owned the big tannery, too. Whatever he said should be done in that community, had to be done.

"That b'ar is 'spected o' murderin' them Italians," said he: "Consekently, he's got to be took on a war'nt 'n fotched afore me fur a hear-in'. If the charge agin' him is proved, we'll settle with him. Things has got to be reg'lar in this bailiwick."

The Squire drew up a warrant, and put it in the hands of Gabe Cuser, the constable, with orders to apprehend the accused wherever found, and to fetch him in for a hearing. Gabe Cuser picked out a posse, and the next morning they surrounded Bruin in a swamp near Spooky Hollow, and served the warrant on him. They tangled him up in ropes, and after an hour's fight lugged him in, bound and muzzled. Squire Gimble opened court in the tavern bar-room. Everybody was there.

"Perjuce the pris'ner, 'n let the eends o' justice perceed!" said the Squire.

The prisoner was brought in and laid in a corner. The court called Sim Pockridge as the first witness. He repeated his story. Peleg Stainer was a new witness. He said he was going through the Wayback woods a little before sundown the previous day. His dog began to bristle up and growl. The witness looked around and saw a big bear lying on his back asleep.

"The bar's stomick were swelled up like a Dutch oven," said the witness: "His head were restin' on sumpin' rolled up inter a piller. I sot the dog on him. The b'ar got up 'n made fur the edge o' the hill. The dog grabbed him by the tail. The last I see of either b'ar or dog, they was goin' over the bank, the b'ar fust, 'n the dog grippin' ont'er his tail like a craw-fish to a hunk o' cut bait. I picked up the b'ar's piller, 'n foun' th't it were a coat I had seen on one o' the organ-grinders at the Clearin'. I reco'nize the pris'ner in court ez the same b'ar. That extry swellin' on this side o' his stomick looks amazin' like ez if my dog were under it."

The case looked black for the prisoner, and Abram Van Slop rose up and said:

"I move ye, yer Honor, th't we c'nvict the pris'ner o' manslaughter in the wust d'gree th' is."

"Hol' on!" exclaimed the court: "Thuz another witness. Si Groner, 'd ye speeny the witness I sent ye arter?"

"Yep!" replied Si.

"Perjuce her!" ordered the court.

Si went into an adjoining room and returned with the organ that the Italians had carried.

"Has that witness been tampered with sence ye s'peenied her?" asked the Squire.

"Nope!" replied Si.

"Then let's hear w'at she's got to say. She'll tell w'at were goin' on w'en that b'ar went fur them musicianers so ter'ble sudden. Twist her up!"

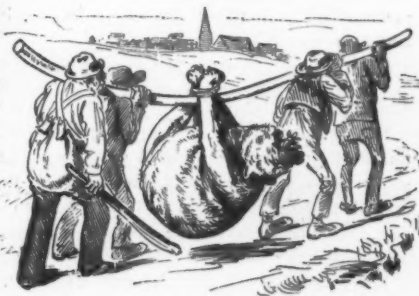
Si Groner turned the crank. The organ resumed the strain which had been so ruthlessly interrupted by the prisoner the day before:

"The flowers that bl — — — tra la!"

"That'll do!" shouted the court. "Scharge the prisoner! The verdic' o' this court is justyfi'ble hummycide in the fust degree! The pris'ner's discharged!"

They carried the bear out to the woods, cut his bonds and let him go. The verdict of the just judge was approved.

ED. MOTT.



"WANT to be a barkeeper, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand keeping books on the single-entry system?"

"No, sir; but I understand keeping Sunday on the double-entry system."

"Very well. Hang up your hat."—*Philadelphia Call.*

MRS. BULLION (*to the Principal of the school attended by her daughter*).—Dear Madam: My daughter, Clarice, informs me that last year she was obliged to study vulgar fractions. Please do not let this happen again. If the dear child must study fractions, let them be as refined as possible.

CONDUCTOR.—Here, there, man! what are you about?

CITIZEN.—Nothing much, my friend; I'm a director on the road, and have a family to support. I'm merely ringing up some of the fares you missed on the down trip.—*Id-Bits.*

"MA, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asks four-year-old Mamie.

"Yes, dear; I don't care if you do."

"Thank you, ma," was the demure reply: "I've been."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CRITIC says that romance is not history. All the same, the authors of the "war articles" now appearing in the American magazines think they are writing history.—*Norristown Herald.*

THROUGH by daylight—Night.—*Dansville Breeze.*

Chas. S. Higgins, whose name has become a household word, or rather three household words, all over the world where soap is used, has just announced his intention of performing an act of charity that ought to stand him up in bronze in many a public park, and cause his soap to agitate every washboard in this broad land.

HIGGINS'S SOAP is so good and pure and cleansing that MR. HIGGINS can scarcely supply the demand, and has to employ several men to tell him how much he makes. This ought to be sufficient guaranty of the virtue of the soap, which will take the stains out of a politician's character, or remove the spots from a coach dog.

MR. HIGGINS naturally feels proud of his success, and grateful to the public for showing its appreciation of a good thing. And he is going to prove all this in a most substantial and charitable manner.

He is going to give away

Thirty-five Thousand Dollars!

Just read that over again—

Thirty-five Thousand Dollars!

not cents, but dollars, good old United States dollars, worth one hundred cents apiece. That is the amount that MR. CHAS. HIGGINS is going to give away on the seventh of September, 1887, to show how much he appreciates his patrons' opinion of his justly celebrated laundry soap.

New York City is to get \$20,000!

And Brooklyn \$15,000!

But MR. HIGGINS is not going to say just what institution shall get the money, or what amount any institution shall receive. MR. HIGGINS simply puts up the gold, and allows the purchasers of his laundry soap to dispose of it. That is just about the size of it in a few words, and without any waste of wind.

Every purchaser of a cake of HIGGINS'S GERMAN LAUNDRY SOAP is at liberty to send the wrapper of the same, not the soap, to the institution he prefers—Bellevue, Mt. Sinai, or any other, without regard to politics, creed, or previous condition of servitude. At the end of the year—September 7th, 1887—these wrappers will be counted by a committee regularly appointed by the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn. "These gentlemen," in the eloquent language of the circular: "will appropriate the amount as per the number of wrappers held by each institution."

We are also told that HIGGINS'S GERMAN LAUNDRY

SOAP will maintain the high quality that has made it famous in every country that uses soap.

That your charity may not go astray, we print on this page a perfect fac-simile, reduced in size about one-third, of the wrapper of each cake of CHAS. S. HIGGINS'S GERMAN LAUNDRY SOAP. Behold the trade-mark, encircling a colored woman at a wash-tub!

Sometimes, if a cake is left standing for a month or two, the colored woman turns white. But this is all on account of the soap. A man out in New Jersey recently washed a crow white with it, and sold it for a curiosity.

We would also tell all our readers that this is a noble charity, and that they should not fail to send their wrappers to some hospital or other institution. We would also

tell our Russian friends, who never use soap, except to eat when the candles run out, that this soap is as good internally as externally. A sour stomach melts beneath its gentle influence like a Scotch mist in the smile of a June morning.

CHAS. S. HIGGINS has lathered himself in fame and everlasting glory. He is no mere soap-bubble, because he can not burst. And furthermore, he has killed off all would-be rivals—killed them and put soap-stones over them to show where they lie.

Then wade in, one and all, and take the cake; and when it is used, don't forget your favorite institution, but send in the wrapper, and feel from your ears to your ankles that you have performed a good act.

719

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' German Laundry Soap.

REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF. MAR. 1, 1876.

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' German Laundry Soap.

REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF. MAR. 1, 1876.

THE PRINCIPAL AND BEST SOAP IN THE MARKET AFFORDS THE MOST COMPLETE AND WELL-RECOGNIZED REMEDY FOR THE REMOVAL OF ALL STAINS AND DISCOLORATIONS FROM CLOTHING AND LINENS. IT IS PURE, ECONOMICAL, AND DOES NOT INJURE THE FABRIC. IT IS THE ONLY SOAP THAT CAN BE USED IN THE WASHING OF ALL KINDS OF CLOTHING, AND IT IS THE ONLY SOAP THAT CAN BE USED IN THE WASHING OF ALL KINDS OF LINENS.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE.

1. Take a cake of soap and rub it in your hands until it is well lathered.

2. Rub the lather on the clothes, and then rub the clothes together.

3. If the clothes are very soiled, rub them with the soap for some time.

4. When the clothes are clean, wash them in hot water.

5. If the clothes are very soiled, wash them in hot water with a little soda.

6. If the clothes are very soiled, wash them in hot water with a little soda.

7. If the clothes are very soiled, wash them in hot water with a little soda.

8. If the clothes are very soiled, wash them in hot water with a little soda.

9. If the clothes are very soiled, wash them in hot water with a little soda.

10. If the clothes are very soiled, wash them in hot water with a little soda.

MANUFACTURED BY CHAS. S. HIGGINS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.



FALL, 1886.

OPENING!

Magnificent Display of Fall and Winter Woolens.
NEW SHADES. ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

Our Importations Include
All the Latest Novelties from Abroad.

TO MEASURE.

FALL OVERCOATS from.....\$18.00
BUSINESS SUITS ".....20.00
TROUSERS ".....5.00

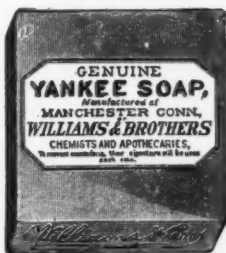
Nicoll
The Tailor.

Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery,
and

771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth Street.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules sent on Application.

GENUINE YANKEE SOAP



After half a century is still with-
out an equal,

AS A SHAVING SOAP.

Its rich, mild and lasting lather
leaves nothing to be desired. All
Druggists keep it. Avoid Imita-
tions. Trial Samples by Mail,
for 12 cents.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn.,
Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1890.

EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street.
Reengagement of the
HUNGARIAN GYPSY BAND. Daily two Grand Con-
certs. Admission, 50 cents. Sunday admission, 25 cents.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Str. N. Y.
Cor. Prince Street. Cor. Broadway.

THREE STAGES OF BASE-BALL.

I RECOLLECT, before base-ball became a
pastime national,
And ere the betting on it was so reckless
and irrational;
Before the days of leagues and ere the
pitcher acrobatical
Compelled the spinning sphere to make its
present curves erratical;
The man behind the bat, who now, pro-
tected, fumes and fidgets—
Was wont to catch the swiftest balls with
unprotected digits.
Nor would he alter in the least his mien
serene and jocular
When madly-rushing foul tips smashed his
nose or closed his ocular.
The catcher of the present faces volleys
hot and curving,
And scarcely can be blamed because he
finds the work unnerving.
Although I'm no poltroon, I do beseech
you, don't think that o' me;
I don't like things conducive to an incom-
plete anatomy.
The gentleman who now disports behind
the bat of willow
Is guarded by an armor like a cushion or
a pillow.
Although his mask gives him a look which
certainly is comical,
No foul tip bids him make investigation
astronomical.
And now, methinks, we shall behold the
catcher of futurity
Cavorting 'round behind the bat in abso-
lute security.
His helmet and his brassets, and his other
things armorial
Will most assuredly prevent all injuries
corporeal.
With iron gauntlets on his hands, a bird-
cage on his visage,
Oh, happy will the catcher be who plays
base-ball in his age,
For he can not be damaged by the spin-
ning missile spherical
Unless by some occurrence scarce less
wondrous than a miracle.
—Chicago News.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTEN-
DENT.—Now, children, tell me what
heathens are?

SMALL BOY (who has been read-
ing about the late Beifast riots).—
Heathens is folk what don't fight
over religion.—*Omaha World.*

A GENTLEMAN arose and offered
his seat to a lady in a crowded
Cream City street-car. She said
"thank you," and he has been con-
fined to his bed ever since.—*Peck's*
Sun.

"GARMENTS without buttons" are
advertised. Evidently the cast-off
clothing of bachelors who don't
know how to handle thread and
needle.—*Norristown Herald.*

"How high do you want to in-
sure your house?"

"About up to the chimney."—
Fliegende Blätter.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Go-t and
Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14
Pills. At all druggists. 723

88 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK—
The Pope Manufacturing Company,
Boston & New York.

The "Expert Columbia," which I obtained
of you more than two years ago, has given me
immense satisfaction. I would not exchange this
bicycle for any other make in the market; and
my judgement is based upon the experience I
have had in subjecting it to the severest test of
any machine, viz: ordinary road riding in long
tours.—*H. E. Parkhurst.* 715

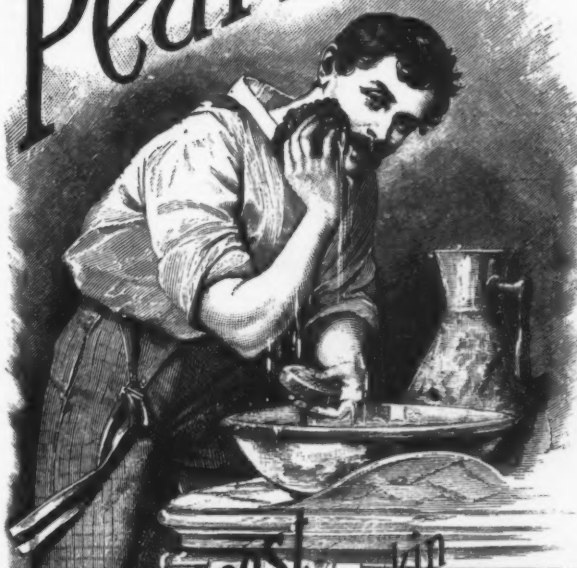
Frenchmen can properly be called "the Knights
of the table." They are good judges in all its
refinements and delicacies. In order to stimulate
the appetite and keep the digestive organs in
good order they give preeminence to **Angos-
tura Bitters.** When you try them be sure
it is the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J.
G. B. Siegert & Sons.



"How These Little Ones Do Imitate Us!"

Very true. Keep your house clean with Sapolio and when they get
old they will do the same. 718

Pears' SOAP



The Purest
best for the skin
& most economical in use
PEARS
SOAPMAKERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
To H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK THIRD CROP.

Twenty-five Cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty Cents.

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops imparts delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for this genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGENT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

EPILEPSY



Is a terrible affliction, a real curse. Repeated fits cause wasting and weakening of the BRAIN and unless, checked IDIOCY. Bromides and the like are no good. The BRAIN MUST BE FED AND NOURISHED by using

DR. BUCKLAND'S SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE

Sleeplessness, Nervous Dyspepsia, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Opium Habit, Headache, Drunkenness, Ovarian Neuralgia, Hysteria, Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Sick Headache, St. Vitus's Dance, Sciatica, Neurasthenia, &c.

This is in no sense a PATENT MEDICINE. Contains no Opium or Chloral. It is a Nerve and Brain Food Tonic, and is the best Natural Tonic and Restorative known. Illustrated Treatise on Nervous Diseases, Exhaustion, Opium Habit, &c. sent FREE to any address. \$1.00 per Bottle.

Your Druggist keeps it. Fresh.
SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE CO., 174 Fulton St., N. Y.



A CASKET OF SILVERWARE FREE
To any person who will show it to their neighbor, act as our agent and send orders. Give your nearest express and Post Office Address, Wallingford Silver Co., Wallingford, Conn.

"HAVE you bathed yet this summer?"
"Yes, I've bathed several times out at Coney Island."

"How did you find the water?"
"Find the water? Why, you can't miss it. It's all around the island."—*Texas Siftings.*

WE'VE just counted up that we have saved several hundred dollars by smoking the pipe instead of cigars; but where is it?—*Newport Herald.*

A WAR WITH Mexico ought to prove a blessing in disguise. The big hats worn by the girls resemble Mexican sombreros, and, of course, in case of hostilities, the dear creatures would abolish them.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

"SHAVING DONE HERE" was the sign the barber put up, and when he was succeeded by a broker the sign was not changed.—*Dansville Breeze.*

He jests at scars who never umpired a ball game.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1873.
BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



The only perfect substitute for Mother's milk. Invaluable in Cholera Infantum and Teething. A pre-digested food for Dyspeptics, Consumptives, Convalescents. Perfect nutrient in all Wasting Diseases. Requires no cooking. Our Book, 'The Care and Feeding of Infants,' mailed free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

An
**INSECT
BITE**
is a
**TROUBLESOME
Thing**

Use
Perry Davis'
PAIN-KILLER
for all
Insect Bites,
Bruises,
Burns, Scalds
or Sprains.

All Druggists
keep **Pain-Killer.**

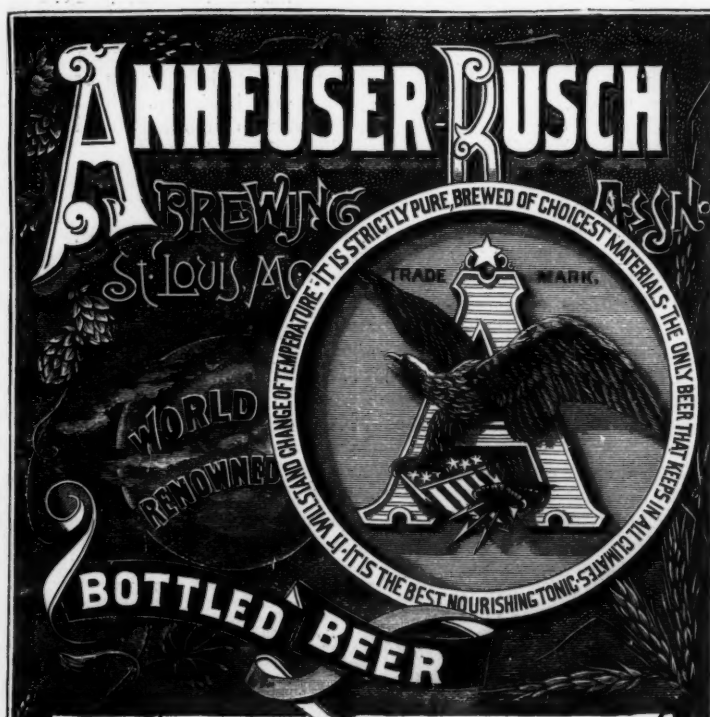
CURE FOR THE DEAF

DE K'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. They are invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper

A PRIZE

Send 6c. for postage for free costly box of goods which will help all to more money than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

America's Favorite



Lager Beer

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

LEADING PHYSICIANS
of all Schools, and sections voluntarily
testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, the Most PALATABLE,
the Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

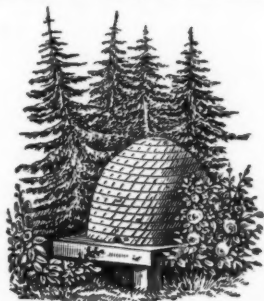
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Symptoms of Torpid Liver.

Loss of appetite and nausea; the bowels are costive, but sometimes alternate with looseness or diarrhoea; pain in the head, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part; pain in the right side and under the shoulder blade; fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind; irritability of temper, low spirits; loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty; general weariness and debility. If these warnings are unheeded, serious diseases will soon be developed. No better remedy can be used than Tutt's Pills. A single dose produces such a change of feeling as often to astonish the sufferer.

Tutt's Liver Pills
CURE BILIOUS DISEASES,
Sold Everywhere, 25c.

HALE'S HONEY



FOREHOUND & TAR

FOR THE CURE
OF
COUGHS, COLDS,
and all affections of the
THROAT and LUNGS;
allaying irritation and inflammation, and strengthening the tissues. 3 sizes, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

"FUNNY, wasn't it, about that Missouri bank which went into liquidation the other day, having fifteen thousand dollars more assets than liabilities?"

"I prefer to wait for particulars," replied the other.

"What particulars?"

"I think the president was either too honest to speculate or too lame to skip. The machinery slipped a cog somewhere."—*Wall St. News.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Robert Connolly, who in the last two Legislatures gained much praise for his able defence of Mr. Field's Civil Code, will probably not go to Albany this year. He fears his inability to secure the nomination.—*Mail and Express, Sept. 16th.*

A. R. PARSONS, the Anarchist, is known in Chicago as "the chameleon," because it is supposed he changes his collar only when he dies.—*Unknown Ex.*

A HIT in time saves the nine on many a ball field.—*Newark Call.*

INCONVENIENCE is the father of invention.—*Whitehall Times.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate For Overworked Females.

Dr. J. P. COWAN, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."



Just as taken from the Mines in the Rocky Mountains, made into beautiful Scarfpins: To quickly introduce, price only 25c., post paid. Address, H. H. TAMMEN, Mineralogist, DENVER, COLO. Send Stamp for large illustrated catalogue of Mineral Cabinets, Agate Novelties, Indian Relics, etc. Trade Supplied.

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Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 102 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

FLORIDA. CLERMONT, SUMTER CO. High Rolling Land.

Perfectly healthy; in the beautiful clear water lake region. **First Class Orange and Early Vegetable land.** Two railroads now building. Land sold subject to improvement and sanitary stipulations. For particulars, address THE CLERMONT IMPROVEMENT CO., Clermont, Sumter Co., Florida.

PROF. LE CLERQUE'S BEARD BALM
Is the ONLY reliable preparation now offered to the public; will FORCE a beautiful mustache, beard, or hair on the face. Before. Baldest head to grow thick and heavy or money cheerfully refunded. To introduce it, we offer our 1st size, for 30 days, for 50c. LEW. H. ANDERSON, Chicago.

COLT REPEATING RIFLE
Just Half the
Factory Price! \$12.50
Best Repeating Rifle in the World. 44-Caliber. M.F.'S. CHAMPION
Guns, Am. Bull-Dog, Defender Revolvers, Bean's Patent Police Goods, &c. Send 6 cents for Illustrated 84-Page Catalogue.
JOHN F. FOLEY'S SONS, Boston, Mass. Established 1848.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturing Furrier,

103 PRINCE ST., N. Y.,



Will retail fashionable Furs and Seal-Skin Garments, at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

NEW YORK & CHICAGO.

Address for Agency, R. W. TANSILL, & CO., Chicago.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

Elegant FALL NOVELTIES
now exhibiting in fancy striped
and figured Silks, Satins, Plushes
and Velvets. Also, an extensive
stock of new and choice
weaves in plain solid-colored
Silks, Satins, &c. An early inspection
respectfully requested.

Broadway & 19th St.
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THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE
PLATFORMS FOR STOVES
ARE THE BEST. TRY THEM.



TYPE SETTING, etc.
easy. Printed directions.
For business, home use, or
money making. For old or
young. Send 3 stamps for
Catalogue of Presses, Type,
Paper, Cards, &c., to the
factory.
KELSEY & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars
for a retail box, by express, of the best
Candies in the World, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable
for presents. Try it once.

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

Sold By ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING COCOINE

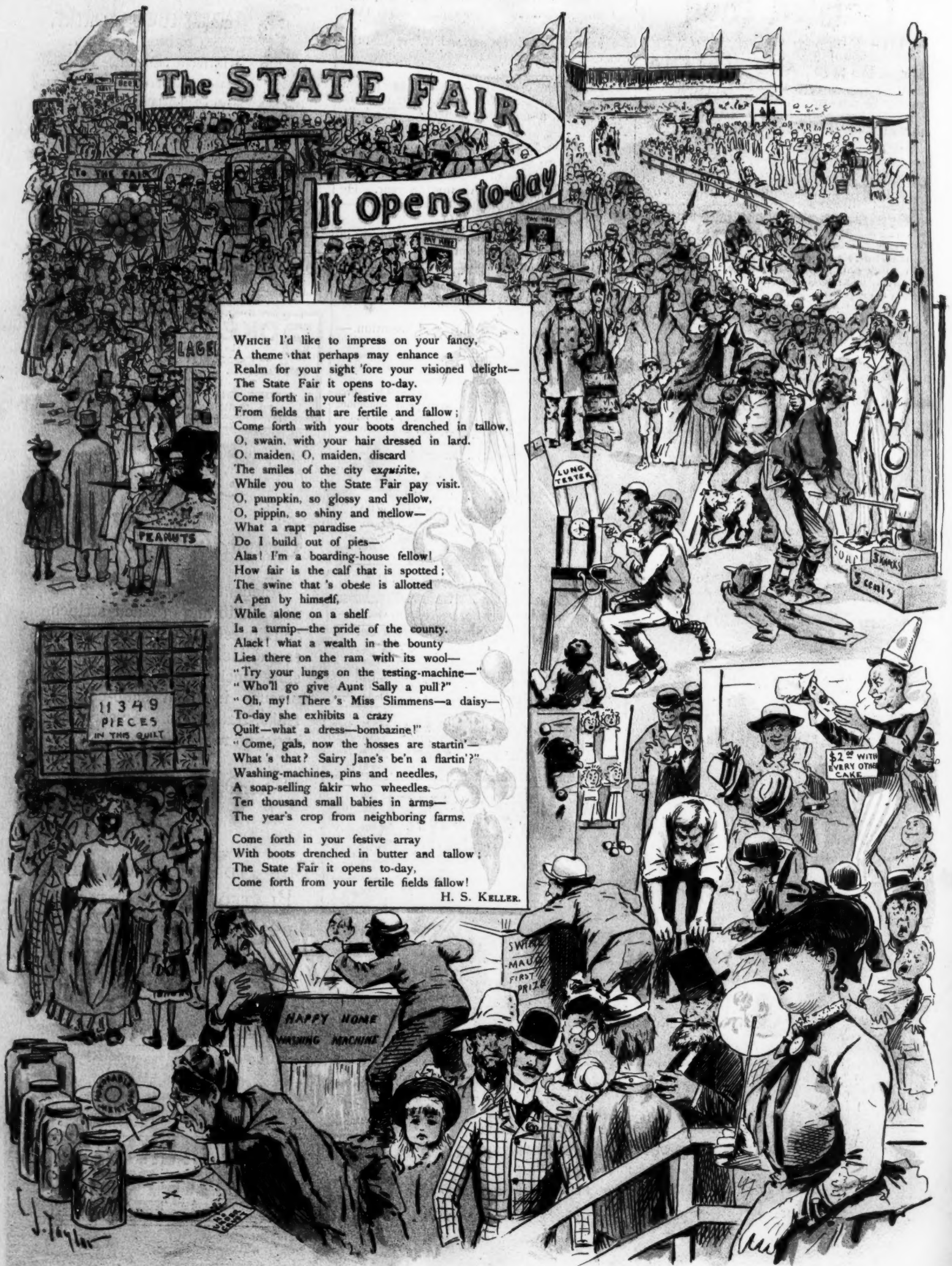
It kills Dandruff, promotes the
Growth of the Hair, cures Scald Head
and all Irritation of the Scalp.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts
consists in their perfect purity & great strength.

Cocaine is non-poisonous
in two sizes. 50¢ & \$1.00

Burnett's Cocaine Water
is unimpaired.



Which I'd like to impress on your fancy,
A theme that perhaps may enhance a
Realm for your sight 'fore your visioned delight—
The State Fair it opens to-day.
Come forth in your festive array
From fields that are fertile and fallow;
Come forth with your boots drenched in tallow.
O, swain, with your hair dressed in lard.
O, maiden, O, maiden, discard
The smiles of the city *exquisite*,
While you to the State Fair pay visit.
O, pumpkin, so glossy and yellow,
O, pippin, so shiny and mellow—
What a rapt paradise
Do I build out of pies—
Alas! I'm a boarding-house fellow!
How fair is the calf that is spotted;
The swine that's obese is allotted
A pen by himself,
While alone on a shelf
Is a turnip—the pride of the county.
Alack! what a wealth in the bounty
Lies there on the ram with its wool—
"Try your lungs on the testing-machine—"
"Who'll go give Aunt Sally a pull?"
"Oh, my! There's Miss Slimmens—a daisy—
To-day she exhibits a crazy
Quilt—what a dress—bombazine!"
"Come, gals, now the hosses are startin'—
What's that? Sairy Jane's be'n a flartin'?"
Washing-machines, pins and needles,
A soap-selling fakir who wheedles.
Ten thousand small babies in arms—
The year's crop from neighboring farms.

Come forth in your festive array
With boots drenched in butter and tallow;
The State Fair it opens to-day,
Come forth from your fertile fields fallow!

H. S. KELLER.